

2002

# Alferd

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# ALPHERD

Lehigh Lampoon Magazine  
"Satire to Savour"

Bite  
me.

Centerfold:  
Farrington  
In The  
**Nude!**

SWOT  
Analysis  
And You!

Issue 1

Volume 1

# The Ballad Of Alferd Packer

By Phil Ochs

In the state of Colorado  
In the year of seventy-four  
They crossed the San Juan  
Mountains  
Growing hungry to the core.  
Their guide was Alferd Packer  
And they trusted him too long:  
For his character was weak  
And his appetite was strong.

They called him a murderer,  
a cannibal, a thief;

It just doesn't pay to eat  
anything but Government-inspect-  
ed beef.

Along the Gunnison River  
An Indian camp they spied.  
An Indian chief approached  
them,  
To stop them he did try.  
He warned them of the danger  
In the snow that lay around,  
But the danger was in Packer,  
For his hunger knew now bound.

They called him a murderer,  
a cannibal, a thief;

It just doesn't pay to eat  
anything but Government-inspect-  
ed beef.

Two cold months went slowly by;  
Packer came back alone.

"My comrades they all froze to  
death,  
I'm starving," he did moan.  
The Indian chief knew how he  
lied,

He spat upon the ground,  
For Packer's belly hung out all  
over his belt:  
He'd gained some thirty pounds.

They called him a murderer,  
a cannibal, a thief;

It just doesn't pay to eat  
anything but Government-inspect-  
ed beef.

Well for nine long years he ran  
away

But finally he was tried.  
He claimed he didn't kill them,  
He only ate their hide.  
That County had six dem-o-crats  
Until that man arrived.  
Well only one lives on today:  
He ate the other five.

They called him a murderer,  
a cannibal, a thief;

It just doesn't pay to eat  
anything but Government-inspect-  
ed beef.

Eighteen years he stayed in  
jail,  
It was a dreadful fate,  
For he suffered indigestion  
Every time he ate.  
Still, it's hard to blame this  
hungry guy  
Who went searchin' for the  
mines,  
For when he ate his friends  
He'd never heard of Duncan  
Hines.



*The following letter was written by Reginald "Reggie" Anhorn III, class of '96, for a mailing to prospective Lehigh students who are currently juniors in high school:*

Dear Prospective Lehigh Students,

So I was asked to write to you all about my Lehigh experience and how it prepared me for real life, and I'm just sitting here now thinking about it, since the deadline is about an hour away and I figured I should probably get this done. I got a call from someone in the alumni office who said they were looking for someone to write something for this prospectives mailing, and they thought of me since I used to write for The Brown and White (our award-winning student newspaper!) and since I wrote so good they figured they'd ask me to do this for them. Of course I write a lot more well now that I've been out of school for a few years! But I was happy to take on this task which was set before me.

Anyway, getting back to this letter, I just wanted to say that Lehigh is a great school, and the one major reason for that is simple: the student newspaper. Lots of schools have student newspapers of course but Lehigh is the only one that is entirely student run! Now, I didn't actually research that or anything, like it wasn't as though I checked my facts on that, but I'm sure someone said that to me while I was there. Or maybe I read it on the internet. The point is, Lehigh has the only entirely student run newspaper among all colleges in the world! If you ask me, that really says something about the school.

Because when your school newspaper is student run, you get to tell things like they really are. You don't have to worry about things like the administration looking over your head, so you can be really hard hitting and expose the way things really are at the school. That's why we won the Pulitzer, I think, back in 1993, because of that kind of hard hitting reporting.

I was the editor-in-chief when we broke the Mountainhawk story in 1995. See, Lehigh used to be the Engineers, but then they became the Mountainhawks, and it was a huge deal because it pretty much pissed everyone off, so of course we devoted the whole issue to that. What other school could get away with such harsh criticism of its administration? Certainly not Lafayette! Because Lafayette sucks. Go Engineers!

But the point is that writing for the Brown and White really prepared me for real life. I mean I owe a lot of my writing ability to the people there, who taught me everything I know. I would say something like it's gotten even better in the years since I graduated, but really, they've maintained the status quo so well, because there's nothing to improve. It's like this amazing tradition of great writing has been passed on through time and there's nothing anyone can do about it!

Now I am a star reporter for a grate paper here in Scranton, PA. I did try to get a job at the New York Times but they rejected me by saying something about hell freezing over! I'll tell you, people in journalism have great senses of humor!

Anyway, I really think you should go to Lehigh.

Sincerely,  
Reggie Anhorn III '96



## ***Brown & White News***

### Lehigh Parking Attendant sets new Ticket Record

Last Friday, Richard Johnson of parking services shattered the record for most parking tickets given in a single week. The old record of 500, which was set two years back by Lucy Smith, was thought insurmountable. However, Johnson persevered and earned his place in Lehigh Parking Services history. Johnson's feat did not come easy, though. Late Friday afternoon, Johnson was closing in on the record time was quickly running out. The parking patrolman then did a remarkable stakeout of the Ulrich Student Center and nailed 5 drivers in a total of 15 seconds. Johnson was quoted as saying "Along with the University Police, Parking Services is keeping the campus safe for its students." His 501st victim, Don Bailey, was as saying "Parking Services can kiss my ass!"

### Lehigh Reaches Final Four in NCAA Beirut

Saturday, Lehigh made its first trip to the NCAA Beirut final four since 1986 with a victory over Florida State. The game came down to double overtime when Will Jamm hit the last cup to seal the victory. The slightly inebriated Jamm commenting on the victory.... "I love Beer!!!!" Lehigh will meet Duke next week in final four.

### Rathbone Hall wins Culinary Outstanding Achievement Award

Rathbone Dining Hall was recently voted best Dining Services provider in the United States by the National Culinary Association. This is Rathbone's fifth award in as many years.

### Fraternity Man Drinks 100 Beers

Saturday evening Aaron Brago from Lambda Lambda Lambda successfully consumed 100 cans of beer throughout the night. Brago commenting on his unparalleled feat.... "Being a frat guy is cool."

## **Lehigh Brown & White Police Blotter**

### **Noise Complaint.**

Obscenities heard coming from Zoellner Arts Center Wednesday evening. Police and local tenants heard "vagina" being chanted and screamed over and over again. Once police entered Zoellner they discovered the Vagina Monologues being performed. No arrests have been made, yet.

### **Illegal Consumption.**

The FBI was called in to bust a group of IMPACT students who were found drinking soda pop and watching TV. This was against the contract they signed upon becoming IMPACT "losers." This case may ruin Lehigh's chances of obtaining further grants for beloved, effective programs like this one. Outcome unknown.

### **Damaged Property.**

A computer was reported damaged early Sunday morning around 2:00 AM. Matthew Moras telephoned police after seeing someone drop his Abercrombie cargo pants to his knees and urinate all over his computer monitor and keyboard. The other student will have to pay to fix the computer. His excuse: he was drunk. After the incident, the tab became sticky, rendering it useless.

### **underage Drinking.**

Three arrested thirteen Lehigh students Wednesday evening for underage consumption of alcoholic products. They were all transported to the local hospital where their stomachs were pumped. Oddly enough, the students were not lying when they said they were graduate students and were all twenty-two years or older. The police said --

## Moravian Academy Expels Student for Choosing to Attend Lehigh

Bethlehem, PA – In what the administration called “a routine matter of school policy,” officials at Moravian Academy Upper School expelled senior Michael White yesterday after his announcement that he would be attending Lehigh University next fall.

“Of course, we always hate to lose a student,” said Moravian Academy Guidance Counselor Isaac Van Leaghe, “but in this case, he simply gave us no choice.”

White, who is a National Merit Scholarship Semifinalist and a member of Cum Laude, the Moravian honor society, said that he did not see the expulsion coming. “I just wanted to major in religious studies and stay close to home,” White said, “I had no idea that they would DC [disciplinary committee] me for it.”

The severity of the punishment was exacerbated by the strength of White’s transcript, according to Leaghe. “No one wants their kid to go to Lehigh,” he said, “Especially when he clearly could be applying to Harvard, Princeton, or Yale.” Leaghe said that, while rare, first-offense expulsion is sometimes warranted.

“I mean, seriously, what are we supposed to do? We are talking about a student here who could have applied to The Big Three,” he said, crossing himself, as the Moravian religion demands, at the mention of the holy trinity.

The White case is the latest in a series of run-ins with this issue for the suburban prep school. In November, senior Jack Whiter was suspended for three days after rumors circulated that he had given thought to applying early to Lehigh and senior Leo Whitest was suspended for a week in February for allegedly telling White to consider the Bethlehem university as an option in his college search. The punishment of Whitest was a major milestone, according to Leaghe. “At first, we thought it was just a fad,” Leaghe said, “but as soon as it got to the point where we had reason to believe that students were spreading this idea around, we needed to take decisive action.” According to Whitest, the punishment was based on a false premise. “I was only kidding,” he said. “It was just one of those ‘ha ha maybe you should think about Lehigh.’ We say that stuff all the time – I never thought he would actually take me seriously.”

John Quincy White, father of Michael and member of Moravian Academy’s board of trustees, was a member of the Lehigh class of ’45. “I support I.V. in this matter entirely,” he said, “I worked hard and went to Lehigh so that my children wouldn’t have to live the life I did. That’s what great about America: you can move up in the world. Trust me, Lee Iacocca didn’t send his kids back to Lehigh.”

The elder White claimed to have no knowledge of his son’s application plans. “Of course I had no idea,” he said. “I don’t want to have to worry about my son’s life. Why do you think I send him to private school?”

Due to the lateness of the expulsion, White will have to take a semester off before applying. His father said that he is certain that this issue will not come up again. “Martin is going to spend the next few months learning about the values of an ivy league education,” he said. When asked if he had meant to say Michael, the elder White said: “Whatever.”

White said that the consequences of his actions have been more severe than the official ones. “I’ve gotten a few death threats,” he said, “and someone wrote ‘Engineer’ on the side of my house in spray paint. I guess they didn’t know that the mascot has been changed. Or maybe they couldn’t spell Mountainhawk.”

Leaghe said that the school did not support the acts of alleged vandalism for legal reasons.

“Of course we can’t officially support that sort of behavior,” he said. “But, then again, what do you expect? Although,” he added, turning grave, “using a term like ‘engineer’ is

completely out of line, under any circumstances. They're mascot is changed now, and we have already started sensitivity training at Moravian to make sure our students understand that." Leaghe also said that he approves of the new Lehigh emblem as a "fine artistic statement of a mediocre school."

"The important, thing, of course, is that Michael realizes what he's done wrong and does his best to make it right again," Leaghe said.

In the closed disciplinary committee hearing, though, White reportedly defended his right to apply to Lehigh, citing its number of full-time faculty and student-to-full professor ratio as justifications for his choice. "I'm not apologizing for anything," White said. "I mean, it's a good school. The best in the [Lehigh] Valley for what I'm looking for. It's hard to find good religious studies programs, and I just wanted to take a class from a professor, not a TA or adjunct."

Leaghe said that he did not know Lehigh currently had a religious studies program. "That was one of the most surprising parts of this process," he said. "Michael is not even interested in engineering. It is all very confusing."

White said that he was offered several compromises as part of the hearings. "They tried to get me to say that I was an engineering major at first," he said. "They said that if I did that and dropped my GPA a little, I might not have to be expelled. When I said no, they tried to convince me that I might be interested in being a business major."

Leaghe refused to comment on the closed proceedings. "Michael has always marched to his own beat," he said, shaking his head. "It's such a shame that he never found his place within the spectrum here." Leaghe also declined comment on White's alleged defense of Lehigh. "It's not school policy to describe what goes on in the committee hearings, but I will say that it doesn't take a genius to realize that Penn is the obvious choice for a student like Michael. Statistics and numbers are fine, but there's only one number that counts."

Leaghe was referring to the national rankings of colleges, published every year by *U.S. News and World Report* magazine. "Higher is better," Leaghe said, clutching this year's rankings to his chest, "You can tell it's a good year when Penn is number five. Someday, I'd love to find out how they rank them."

15 of Moravian's 68 graduating students this year will be attending Penn, with 27 going to Franklin and Marshall and 8 to Bucknell.

"We encourage our students to look around, but it's getting harder," Leaghe said, "and of course there's always a few who fall through the cracks in the system and wind up at Lafayette, which is at least in the top 50 liberal arts colleges now."

Lehigh was ranked number 38 among major universities by the magazine this year, which Leaghe referred to as "generous, but irrelevant." "Penn's number five," she said, holding up five fingers to illustrate. "Five. What more do you need?"

Leaghe claimed not to know White's rank in his class.

"Basically, all of our students are above average. We don't need rankings, but let's just say they're all in the top ten percent."

When asked how that was statistically possible, Leaghe nodded and responded: "They've accomplished some great things this year. It's pretty amazing, and we're all very proud of our students, especially the ones going to Penn."

White said that he didn't understand Moravian's obsession with rankings.

"If you're going to consider rankings, Lehigh's engineering program is like number 40, and its business program is like 80. How do they rank those things anyway?"

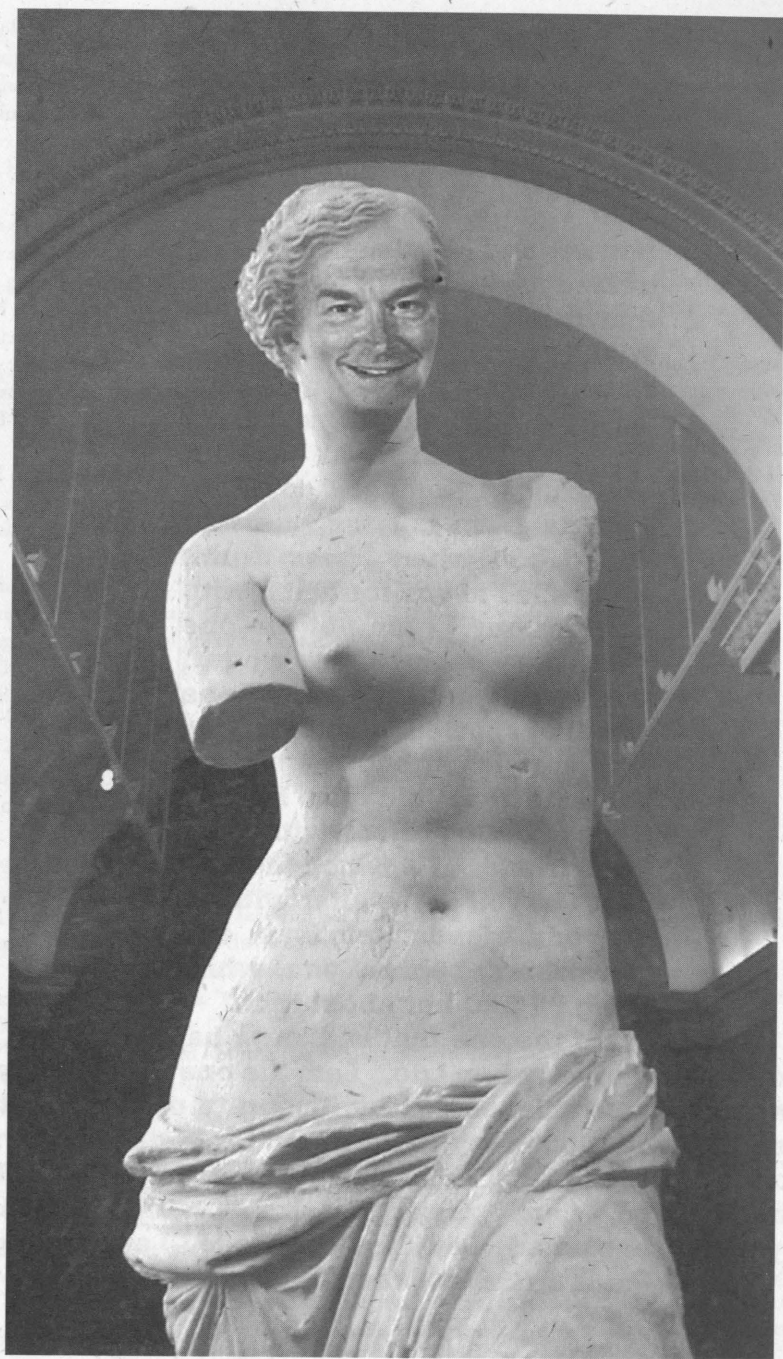
Lehigh has said that it will not yet revoke White's acceptance, as it would under most circumstances, but that it will instead await the outcome of the various pending legal actions.



**My  
Penis  
Monologue**

Let me start by announcing that I am not a man, I am a penis, and I deserve to be treated as one. I am not the one that called you by my ex-girl-friends name. I am not the one that blew off our date for hanging with the guys. I am not the one that broke up with you cause I thought I could do better. I am not the one that called you when I was drunk and yelled at you for being with another guy. I am not the one that came back to you when I couldn't do better. I am not the one that showed naked pictures of you to my friends. I am not the one that told you I loved you, and then slept with your best friend. I am not the one that left you at the altar with all of your friends, relatives, and coworkers behind you whispering, "I told her about him."

I am the one that is always happy to see you, and smiles when I do. I am the one that is sorry when I inconvenience you by having to pee. I am the one that will always try to do tricks for you even if they aren't really impressive. I am the one that always has time for you. I am the one that drools a little bit when you get me excited. I am his best friend. I am his dog. When you are mad at *him*, please do not kick the dog.



## **Farrington's House Busted For Unregistered Party**

*Bethlehem, PA-* Early Saturday evening, April 6, Lehigh University President Gregory C. Farrington was caught and charged with having an unregistered party at his lovely abode on University Drive. The very distinguished and heroic Lehigh University Police began getting noise complaints from local Lehigh students living in the Trembley apartment complex around 7pm. These students who were attempting to complete their advanced propulsory jet physics (a fun elective) homework, complained that their calculations of torque and predeflection point were interrupted with loud music and screaming. When police arrived to investigate the scene, they saw groups of elderly people coming to and from the President's estate. They also caught a whiff of alcohol coming from a group of men as they left the party. After further investigation, police saw what looked like people standing around a large table with plastic cups and ping pong balls, as well as people dancing on tables and having a good time. Simultaneously, the police saw Lehigh students getting mugged outside the library, but being the brave and intelligent men that they are, quickly prioritized and bum-rushed Farrington's house. Upon entering the President's estate, police counted exactly 51 people, which in terms of Lehigh University constitutes a party. Although they failed to ID people, they charged the President with serving underage drinkers, for the failure to have wristbands and those wonderful security guards. Mrs. Farrington, in a drunken stupor after police forced her to get down from dancing on the table, ended up slapping one of the officers and she was immediately taken into custody. The Farringtons are expected to be put on social and disciplinary probation.



## Lehigh 2102

**Editor's Note:** Utilizing a seed-money grant from Lehigh's Optoelectronics Initiative, the graduate seminar in applied metaphysics (Phil. 493) set out to demonstrate that quantum entanglement effects could be exploited in a foolproof encryption scheme. For our pilot study, we used the fiber-optic portion of Lehigh's LAN, selecting as our first test message the minutes of a recent faculty meeting.

Much to our surprise, after encryption, transmission, and decoding, our message arrived as seemingly indecipherable gibberish. The first run of our experiment had been a colossal failure. With nothing to celebrate, we broke out the champagne we had saved for celebration anyway. When we were well into our third chorus of Freebird, an underage work-study student (who we had locked in the computer lab for her own protection) noticed something odd while poking through the nonsense output of our encryption efforts. By morning she had figured it out.

It has been known for some time that permitting the arrow of causation to run backward in time would dispel some of the less palatable consequences of Bell's theorem, though no one has taken this prospect seriously until now. But what our work-study student—who has graciously asked to remain nameless, so her seniors can take the credit for her ground-breaking discovery—found was that the terabytes of data generated by our failed experiment in fact represented a sampling of the information flowing through Lehigh's LAN at precisely 12:23 a.m., March 6, 2102.

Of chief scientific importance was the fact that we had received this material at all. Its contents were of comparatively little interest. Predictably, 90% of it turned out to be cheap pornography of the coarsest variety, though with some technically interesting holographic effects....In any case, none of that can be reproduced here. Other portions have yet to be interpreted at all. A small fraction consists in text messages, of which the longest is appended below.

**Prof. Red Enivel**

**Hey Brother!**

What's going on? Triple-Chi House just isn't the same without you, man. It's phat that you're taking a semester abroad and all, just wish you could've taken all of us with you.

Anyway, dude, we miss you. You kept some of the other brothers under control, if you know what I mean. We could've used your help last week. Don't know if anyone else has told you yet, but Triple-Chi is on probation again. Can you guess why? That's right, they caught you-know-who dealing at the Clinton Day party down at Farrington House. Looks like he'll get off with six months, but anyway, they expelled his ass and very nearly shut us down.

With you out of town, it was my turn to deal with the whole disciplinary hearing thing. I had a hard time keeping a straight face. I mean, here I was listening to Dr. Howe chew us out for letting a brother get away with dealing joe, when I know for a fact that she enjoys a good cup of coffee in the morning as much as any of us. I swear, she even winked at me! Project Crackdown is a total joke—no one gives a damn what we drink, so long as Lehigh doesn't get sued. Anyway, you'll be happy to know the house espresso-bong was carefully hidden when they came to search, so it's safe.

But if they decide to give us a hard time again before you get back, Elijah's going to have to handle it, because now I've got troubles of my own. It all started Monday, in my 8:10 physics class. The room is packed for a change, because we've got this quiz. So it's 8:05, and we've all got our blue books ready and are lining up with our mugs. Only about a third of us have filled up, when the keg kicks! Can you believe it?! Mom and Dad pay four mil a year, and Facilities can't even manage to check the ale levels before Monday morning classes! So I sit down with my test in front of me, totally dry and already beginning to shake and sweat. Prof. Folk, he's been around a while, so he knows this is bad: no one can do differential equations without a good buzz. He gets on the phone and starts yelling at Facilities, but in the meantime, what am I supposed to do? One of the T.A.s passes out some j's, which helps a bit, but by 8:30 I've barely gotten started. Finally, a One Source guy rushes in with a port-a-keg, which Folk wheels through the aisles. I'm running out of time, so I down two quick pints and get to work. Fortunately, I skipped breakfast, so it hits me right away, and I manage to finish the test. But that keg must have come from some fancy faculty stash, and it's stronger than I'm used to. I can barely stand, and of course I have to run like hell to make it to my 9:10.

So I'm weaving and stumbling, but it looks like I'll make it. OK. Everyone else is already sitting down as I dash in at the last minute. Then just when it looks like I'm home free, my toe catches the hem of my chadour, and I fall flat on my face. To top it all off, the chadour rides up all the way to my knees, exposing my bare calves!

The room is dead silent, but for a moment, I hope everyone will be cool enough to just look the other way. Then as I'm getting up, I see Andrea, sitting right there in the front row, and I know I'm screwed. She points right at my hairy legs, and shrieks at the top of her lungs. Of course then the Prof. has to call security...

So by Wednesday I was facing my second discipline hearing in as many weeks—and this time, believe me, Howe wasn't winking. Indecent exposure is some pretty serious shit; I'm just lucky it was my first offense. They gave me 500 hours of community service and a remedial course on the gender catechism. I can't imagine life sucking any worse.

What really burns me is Andrea. Here I am being put through the ringer at this hearing, wearing my extra-heavy Abercrombie chadour and sweating bricks, while all the while she's preening herself smugly in her shorts and halter top, enjoying the breeze against her bare skin. Hey, I'm a true believer, so I know we men are impure and need to cover ourselves. I understand that part. And I know women are closer to God, and that's why they have privileges we don't. Fine. I don't even resent Andrea for getting her sex change done—I mean, we've all been tempted, right? No, what gets me about her is that she was a Triple-Chi like you and me, back when she was Andy. Turning in your own brother like that, now that's cold. I can't believe that just a year ago, the three of us were doing java shots together, wondering which of us would fetch the highest groom price...

I'll tell you, when you told me you were going off to Kabul, I was pretty worried at first. I mean, those Muslims are so liberal. But now you have no idea how jealous I am. So, what's it like to walk around in just a shirt and pants? Meet any cute Afghani girls? Just so long as you don't get married and decide to stay!

Well dude, I've gotta go study for my Twentieth Century Lit. class. I think that stuff is affecting my style. Does it show? Write when you can, don't work too hard, and always remember you're a Triple-Chi!

Love, your brother,  
Ezekiel Zhang



Freshmen: Read the syllabus to find out what classes they can cut.  
Seniors: Read the syllabus to find out what classes they need to attend

Freshman: Brings a can of soda into a lecture hall.

Senior: Brings a jumbo hoagie and six-pack of Mt. Dew into a recitation class.

Freshman: Calls the professor "Professor."  
Senior: Calls the professor "Bob."

Freshman: Would walk ten miles to get to class.

Senior: Drives to class if it's further than three blocks away.

Freshman: Memorizes the course material to get a good grade.

Senior: Memorizes the professor's habits to get a good grade.

Freshman: Shows up at a morning exam clean, perky, and fed.

Senior: Shows up at a morning exam in sweats with a cap on and a box of pop tarts in hand.

Freshmen: Have to ask where the computer labs are.

Seniors: Has 'own' personal workstation.

Freshman: Is proud of his A+ on Calculus I midterm.

Senior: Is proud of not quite failing his Complex Analysis midterm.

Freshman: Calls his girlfriend back home every other night.

Senior: Calls Domino's every other night.

Freshman: Is appalled at the class size and callousness of profs.

Senior: Is appalled that the campus 'Subway' burned down over the summer.

Freshman: Conscientiously completes all homework, including optional questions  
Senior: Offers to 'tutor' conscientious frosh of opposite sex...

Freshman: Goes on grocery shopping trip with Mom before moving onto campus

Senior: Has a beer with Mom before moving onto campus

Freshman: Is excited about the world of possibilities awaits him that, the unlimited vista of educational opportunities, the chance to expand one's horizons and really make a contribution to society  
Senior: Is excited about new dryers in laundry room

Freshman: Takes meticulous four-color notes in class

Senior: Occasionally stays awake for all of class

## You Might Be a Lehigh Student.....

1. If drinking before and possibly during class is acceptable.
2. If you've complained at least once about the retarded looking artwork on campus.
3. If you take a copy of the Brown and White just to have something to read during class.
4. If your study drugs become your party drugs.
5. If a gryphon is not a mythical creature, but a creature who lives at the end of your hall.
6. If the only thing you remember from Lehigh-Lafayette week is waking up the Sunday after the game.
7. If Greek Week is your favorite holiday.
8. If you are good friends with TRACS drivers.
9. If hotels are an event, not a refuge for weary travelers or illicit affairs.
10. If power hour or a case kill sound like a normal weekend occurrence.
11. If you think FairMart is a great place to socialize during finals.

## What Your Tour Guide Didn't Tell You

The TX boys are quite a commodity on the Lehigh campus, so line up at the door girls, because their egos leave little room for anything else. These LAX players know how to score on and off the field, but don't get offended if the bubble hockey and foos ball get more attention than you; TX just loves their sports.

If you are looking for a real man, then ATO is where you want to go. They might not have the highest GPA's but they do have the highest level of testosterone on the Hill. But warning--when grabbing for a brew, make sure that's what you get, or you might end up drinking Body Fuel or creatine; these guys like their biceps big, their beers cold, and their babes blacked out.

But if the New England Prep School leftovers are more your speed, then stop by Phi Gamma Delta Men's Club, where you'll find your share of Bobby Kennedys and George W.s in their pastel polos and khaki pants partying all night long. Just don't tell them what year it is, because these yuppies are still stuck in 80's.

Right next door you will find Chi Phi. The brothers here extremely resemble their pastel-clad neighbors, but these guys are less emotionally disturbed. They try to portray an image of nice cool guys but really they need to stop trying so hard, because everyone knows that all they're good for is their beer.

Hop over to Alpha Synagogue if a nice Jewish boy is your type, serving Sabbath dinner on Fridays and partying like it's a Batmitzpha every other night of the week.

If you want a guy who is less conservative and more strung out, try Phi Delta. These guys are obviously the product of a negligent upbringing, and could be cast in a sequel of Trainspotting. When leaving Lehigh's on campus crack house, you'll hear yourself saying "what a long strange trip it's been."

If you want a guy whose talents include burping and smashing beer cans with his forehead, then DU is where you want to be, but do not enter if you are seeking an intellectual conversation. You won't find that here. It looks like someone forgot to put an "H" at the end of their name, because DUH is the only thing you'll hear these meatheads say.

If a night of fun for you includes glow sticks and techno then enter D Phi, the only dance club on campus. Walking into this house you will swear that you stepped on the set of "making the band," so look your best, because with the amount of time these Backstreet Boys spend in front of the mirror, they will give you a run for your money.

If you are a woman who likes younger men, then KA has your ticket, these boys will make you think you go to Lee High instead of Lehigh. These prepubescent Abercrombie wearing dudes don't even own a razor, and not only do they look the part but they also act it.

### Making a Modest Proposal

It is a melancholy object to those who walk through this great town or travel up on the hill, when they see the streets, the roads, and fraternity houses crowded with beggars of the female sex, followed by three, four or even five drunk freshmen, all in rags and importuning every passerby for beer. These users and abusers of alcohol, instead of being able to work towards their honest future livelihood, are forced to employ all their time begging relief from their unquenchable desire for alcohol.

I think it is agreed by all parties that this prodigious number of drunks is in the present deplorable state of the University a very great additional grievance; and, therefore, whoever could find a fair and easy method of making these drunks sound, non-invasive members of the University, would deserve so well of the public as to have his statue set up as a preserver of the school.

But my intention is very far from being confined to providing for the safety and health of Lehigh drunks; it shall take in the whole student population, unable, as they are to support themselves in beneficial activities during their free time.

Having turned my thoughts for many years upon this important subject, and maturely weighed the several schemes of others, I have always found them grossly mistaken in the computation. I propose that students, rather than being a burden to their community through their drunken stupors, be molded into a group that might better serve the community.

The numbers of souls in this University being usually stated at 5000, of these I calculate there may be about 3000 who engage in drinking on the hill. The question before us, therefore, is how this number of students shall be controlled during weekends. This control should promote a

healthy atmosphere. We can neither employ the students in easily controlled, beneficial activities such as handicrafts or agriculture, we neither build houses nor cultivate land, so how can we control their behavior in a chaotic University setting?

It is known that alcohol can only ruin evenings and prevent students from living meaningful lives. I shall now humbly propose my own thoughts, which I hope will not be liable to the least objection. I do therefore humbly offer it to public consideration that the area designated as the hill be subject to more constraints than have been enacted in the past.

Currently anyone who wishes can enter the hill anonymously at any time. This freedom to move about is clearly a danger to the student body and must be regulated. I propose that chain link fences topped with razor wire be erected along all lands between the hill and campus which are not designated as official entrances to the hill.

At such entrances, turnstiles are to be erected in which one must swipe their student ID in order to gain access to the hill. Voice print identification should also be used to verify the identity of all attempting to gain entrance to the hill. I have reckoned that this would provide authorities with a rough measure of how many students regularly drink.

I grant this information would be proper for distribution to special teams of police officers, who, having already beaten up all of the real criminals, require amusement. This amusement could be derived from invading the privacy of innocent students, spoiling the attempts of over-worked kids to have fun or by simply harassing drunks on their way home.

Unfortunately, information about the evil drinkers of Lehigh would not be able to be derived exclusively from entrance and exit logs alone. More effective methods of monitoring the students need to be implemented.



For this reason it has recently been suggested that, not only do we need video cameras on all of the streets of Lehigh, but they must also be installed on all floors of the fraternity houses.

I am confident that a team of twenty to thirty well-trained video technicians could save pictures taken and identify those underage students who were drinking in view of the cameras. For those under twenty-one who are caught drinking S.W.A.T. members would be immediately sent to their location. The response would be the same if a student over 21 consumes more than two beverages an hour. These dangerous elements could then be quickly and painfully removed from our beautiful campus.

Unfortunately, as one forward thinking police officer pointed out, the cameras themselves would be vulnerable to attack. What is a community to do when it faces the possibility of such deplorable acts of vandalism?

The answer is as obvious as it is simple: we use the local National Guard to patrol the sites at which the cameras are located. Fully armed, troops would be perfectly capable of deterring any attacks against the cameras. In addition, the threat of death would deter some from committing such horrid acts of vandalism.

One can only surmise that Lehigh students, being the intelligent creatures that they are, would find ways to dispatch the protectors of those sacred cameras. For this reason I encourage the National Guard to use tanks in the patrolling and monitoring of the entire campus. Tanks are weapons that are not easy to remove or destroy. Tanks would also be much more effective at dealing with the drunk driving problem. It seems clear that explosive, armor-piercing shells are far more of a deterrent than tickets and short stints in jail.

Another element is needed, however, for the hill to be a secure <sup>place</sup> for constructive fun. One Apache gunship must be aloft every night so that vandals and drunks can be spotted,

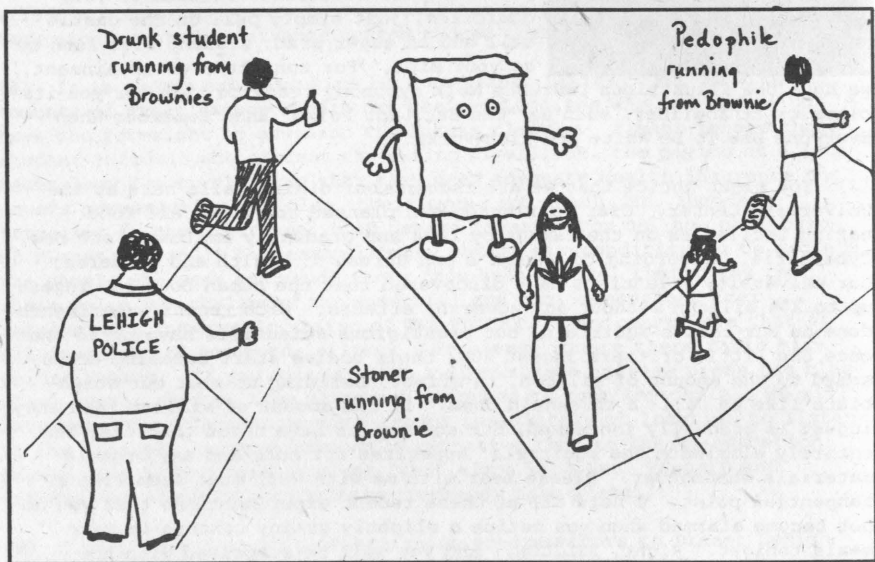
followed, arrested and interrogated at length. It should be clearly pointed out that Hellfire missiles, carried by the Apache, are far more effective at breaking up fraternity parties than police and security guards. Clearly, these measures could help to reduce the scourges of underage drinking and alcohol abuse.

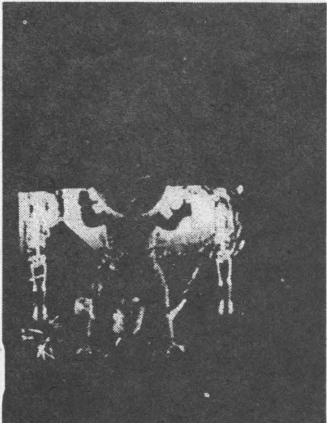
Many other advantages could be enumerated but I omit many of them, being studious of brevity.

I am bit so violently bent upon my opinion as to reject any offer proposed by wise men. However, before something of that kind is advanced in contradiction to my scheme, I desire the author or authors will be pleased maturely to consider one point. As things now stand, how will Lehigh's great youth be able to with stand the temptations of alcohol offered by fraternities of the hill without becoming slaves to the bottle?

I desire those students, professors and administrators who dislike my overture to ask the parents of hardworking students, whether they would not at this day think it a great happiness to have students working and playing constructively under the gaze of military authorities who could prevent them from being brought into the horrible world of alcohol consumption.

I profess, in the sincerity of my heart, that I have not the least personal interest in endeavoring to promote this necessary work, having no other motive than the greater public good, by advancing our academic and social excellence, providing a secure environment for students to socialize without alcohol, relieving the peer pressure towards drinking, and giving some piece of mind to the authorities that rule over us.





## Welcome To The Future

(Pondering The Plans of Planet Lehigh)

"And He said, 'Let There Be Light . . . .'"

[1] Welcome, Earthlings, to Planet Lehigh. Let me tell you a bit about what to expect while you stay here at our wonderful planet. Czar Farrington has rustled up the castle quarters here to make room for you and has the serfs blowing leaves outside so that no debris will remain on the road to touch your precious Saabs. We have graduate students here who will be more than happy to carry you from your wonderful vehicles to your domiciles, just simply pull on the castle bell and an eager grad. student will soon be at your side. For tonight's entertainment,

we have the illustrious Lawrence Welk symphony ready to play for you its classics at Zoellner, such as "The Fat Lady Polka" and "Remember When Everyone Use To Be White and Rich Polka."

[2] You might notice that we are redoing our dining halls here at the University Center. Czar Farrington has planned to remove all food eating facilities on the campus by 2004 and gradually implement our new Cyberteria. According to Lehigh's own Bureau of Health and Commerce, our university scientists have discovered that the human body can ingest up to 20% silicon without any adverse\* effects. With recent experiments done on our campus squirrels, our prestigious scientists have noted that once the little critters ingest 20%, their bodies start becoming accustomed to the amount of silicon, in effect, building up what our scientists like to call: a threshold dose. If the amount of silicon that they ingest is gradually increased, our scientists have noted that they can entirely eliminate the squirrels' appetites for nuts and any organic materials whatsoever. Please bear with me with what must seem like a tangential point. I note all of these recent experiments so that you do not become alarmed when you notice a slightly grainy texture in your meals tonight. Right, SILICON. And you will be surprised with how delicious it tastes. Especially worthy of trying is our Microsoft Custard [TM]. As your beloved sons and daughters continue their industrial training at our prestigious planet, we will gradually wean them away from the unhealthy and adverse effects that human food has had upon generations of human beings and improve it with our industrial strength diet, because at Lehigh we believe that to succeed in this world one must not only think like a machine but eat like a machine.

[3] As your sons and daughters move on to become the perfect citizen-cyborgs, we know you will see the cost benefit advantages of such a program. Health care will no longer be a concern. "Why?" Because with a steady diet of silicon, we have discovered that robotic prostheses and mechanisms become a viable\* option to replace the old, worn-out, messy, dirty organs and limbs of our citizen-cyborgs. We already have a joint venture with our distinguished alumni Lee Iacocca who is opening up a new manufacturing plant in Nigeria to manufacture robotic legs, arms, heads, and even brains, assembly line style. Mr. Iacocca assured us that each

prosthesis and brain is inspected with the utmost care by an American quality control foreman. Furthermore, Mr. Iacocca is still looking for some investors in his plant and is pleased to introduce a new and improved wage system that we know will please investors: DON'T PAY THEM AT ALL. Mr. Iacocca's own investment research group has lately discovered that the citizens in Nigeria do not like money, any money at all. They instead wallow in getting a daily dose of truncheons in their backs and steel boots in their teeth, a strange and foreign custom, but we here at Planet Lehigh respect the diversity of other cultures and respect the wishes of the honorable Nigerian people. Matter of fact, for a limited time, Mr. Iacocca promises that each new investor can personally witness the "payment" of a group of Nigerian workers in the comfort of the investor's own backyard. A group of twelve will be flown to your own town, carted to your backyard where "payments" will be "given" out for 3 straight hours, sometimes "given" with the very arms and legs that they have manufactured, a strange custom indeed that they hold.

[4] It is a very exciting time here on Planet Lehigh. But as with all moments of great change, there are the neo-Luddites who are unable to have the foresight to envision the future clearly. Please ignore those student infidels who protest the eating of silicon, the paying of a \$200 technology fee by claiming that they need adequate Health Insurance that covers preventative medicine, their eyes, and teeth, Mr. Iacocca's "cruelty" to the Nigerians, that demand (demand from us, the politburo of Planet Lehigh?!) Linderman library obtain air-conditioning to protect the people who work and study there from heat stroke, that think that their voice can challenge the wonderful and omni-benevolent Czar Farrington's cybernetic vision of THE FUTURE. They cannot see that it all goes back to one word: silicon. So please ignore these rabid misguided humans. If you witness such a disturbance, please press the blue alarm button that we have given you attached to your key chain. We will have Gen. Bruce Taggart's shock troops immediately on location to listen to the infidels' suggestions while escorting them to the Re-education Bureau (for \$100 a head, you can "tag" along with Gen. Taggart and witness our advanced re-education pedagogy take place).

[5] I must be ending this transmission good visitors to Planet Lehigh since I know that your attention must be waning by now (I know mine is--chuckle-chuckle). I hope you enjoy your downtime here at our wonderful Planet and share our own enthusiasm about our forthcoming plans. Your children will be the finest citizen-cyborgs ever yet produced and as an added bonus Czar Farrington will personally\* brand the Planet Lehigh insignia on your child's own cybernetic rump that your child can champion during his/her future job interview when he/she is bending over their future boss' desk. What a glorious future! What a glorious time! What more can be said then our Planet Lehigh Anthem, "Lehigh Uber Alles!"

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\*We define "adverse" as "killing the human."

\* We define "viable" as a 20% survival rate.

\* We define "personally" as "not there."

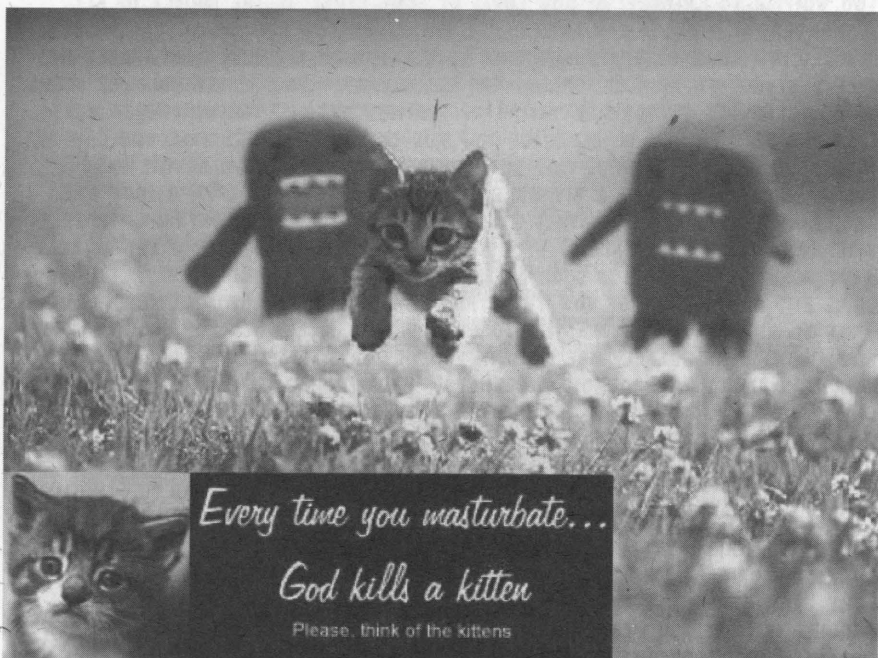


## **NEW LOGO FINALLY APPROVED**

**AFTER MUCH DELIBERATION AND INPUT FROM FACULTY, STUDENTS, AND ALUMNI, THE SCHOOL FINALLY PASSED THE NEW LEHIGH LOGO EARLY LAST WEEK. THE LOGO, WHICH CONSISTS OF BEER MUGS AND DRUG PARAPHERNALIA, CAME UNDER MUCH SCRUTINY IN ITS INITIAL STAGES. IT ORIGINALLY WAS GOING TO INVOLVE THE BOOK, THE HEART, AND THE SUN, BUT THERE WAS A TREMENDOUS OUTCRY AGAINST IT. STUDENTS SIGNED PETITIONS COMPLAINING ON HOW THE LOGO IS MISLEADING AND HOW IT DOESN'T FULLY REPRESENT LEHIGH. STUDENTS FELT THAT THE NEW LOGO WOULD INHIBIT THE RECRUITING OF LEADING HIGH SCHOOL ALCOHOLICS. ONE STUDENT STATED, "IF WE KEEP TRYING TO GET GEEKS, THEN WE'RE GOING TO DROP IN RANKINGS INVOLVING BOTH BEER CONSUMPTION AND WEED SMOKING. PRIORITIES HAVE TO BE MADE." ANOTHER STUDENT SAID, "THE SCHOOL HAS LOST SIGHT OF THE IMPORTANCE OF TRADITION. THIS SCHOOL HAS BEEN FULL OF DRUNKS SINCE THE LATE 1800'S; WHY CHANGE NOW?"**

**THE MOST SHOCKING ASPECT OF THE FIGHT OVER THE LOGO WAS THE AMOUNT OF ALUMNI RESPONSE. THE SCHOOL HAD PREVIOUSLY PRESENTED MANY OTHER TOPICS TO THE ALUMNI IN THE HOPES OF RECEIVING SOME SORT OF A RESPONSE. THESE TOPICS RANGED FROM STUDENT SAFETY IN RESIDENCE HALLS AND IN SOUTH BETHLEHEM, CHANGES IN APPLICANT REQUIREMENTS, CHANGES IN DEGREE PROGRAMS, ADDITIONS OF NEW BUILDINGS, THE HIRING AND FIRING OF FACULTY, AND IDEAS FOR ALUMNI GATHERINGS. HOWEVER, THESE REQUESTS WERE MET WITH VERY LITTLE RESPONSE. YET WHEN THERE WAS A PROPOSAL FOR A POSSIBLE LOGO CHANGE, THERE WAS A VERY LARGE AND UNEXPECTED RESPONSE. SCHOOL OFFICIALS STATED THAT THERE HASN'T BEEN THIS KIND OF RESPONSE SINCE THE CHANGE IN THE SCHOOL MASCOT. A LEHIGH ALUMNI REPRESENTATIVE STATED, "ALUMNI ONLY RESPOND TO TRULY IMPORTANT TOPICS LIKE THE LOGO AND MASCOT. HOW CAN THESE TOPICS COMPARE TO STUDENT SAFETY? I MEAN, COME ON, WHO CARES WHAT HAPPENS TO STUDENTS? THEY SHOULD TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES."**

**AFTER ALUMNI AND STUDENT RESPONSE OVERWHELMED SCHOOL OFFICIALS, THEY HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO LISTEN TO THEIR PETITIONS. THEY DECIDED THAT ALL THE SYMBOLS INVOLVING EDUCATIONAL VALUE HAD TO BE ELIMINATED, AND THAT THEY HAD TO BE REPLACED WITH THE MUGS AND BONGS. THE COLOR OF THE BEER USED IN THE MUGS ALSO WAS HARD TO GET RIGHT BECAUSE STUDENTS WANTED A TRUE BROWN COLOR. INITIALLY THE BROWN BEER COLOR WAS A LOT LIKE THE COLOR OF NATURAL LIGHT; THE STUDENTS BELIEVED IT WASN'T DARK ENOUGH, AND THEY CHANGED IT TO MORE OF A BASS ALE BROWN, WHICH WAS MORE EASILY REPRODUCED ON LEHIGH MERCHANDISE. THE FINAL STEP WAS THE ADDITION OF THE SCHOOL MOTTO "PROMO ALCUM ET SEXUS 1865." THE NEW SCHOOL MOTTO CAN BE SEEN IN THE NEW AND IMPROVED LEHIGH WEBSITE.**



*Every time you masturbate...*

*God kills a kitten*

Please, think of the kittens

DARK CORNERS  
BY  
J.S. ERIUGENA

WE MEET IN DARK PLACES, TALKING AMONGST OURSELVES OF EVEN DARKER MATTERS WITH THE OCCASIONAL FORAY INTO MATTERS OF PRACTICAL YET CONSIDERABLY LESSER CONCERN: OF HOW IT SEEMS THAT ACHILLES, REGARDLESS OF WHETHER HE LOVED PATROCLUS IN \*THAT\* SORT OF WAY, WAS TRULY SCREWED FOR SOMEWHAT LONGER THAN FOREVER; OF THE ATTENDANCE POLICY I AM ADMITTEDLY FAR TOO WIMPISH TO ENFORCE; OF HOW LOVE, AT SOME LEVEL, IS THE SOURCE OF ALL SLAUGHTER; OF A DRACONIAN LATE PAPER POLICY THAT HAS NEVER ACTUALLY BEEN INVOKED; OF OUR RESILIENTLY ENDURING PROPENSITY TO ACT LIKE SUCH FUCKED-UP, SELF-DESTRUCTIVE WIENERS; OF HOW THE GENTLEMAN WITH THE LEAF-BLOWER SEEMS TO BE FOLLOWING US, FOREVER TAKING UP POSITION OUTSIDE THE WINDOW OF WHATEVER ROOM WE HAPPEN TO BE IN; OF HOW YOU CAN BUY ALL THE TIME YOU CAN GET WITH ALL THE MONEY YOU'VE GOT BUT THE RESULT WILL ALWAYS BE THE SAME (DECAY, LOSS, DEATH, AND A BIT MORE DECAY OF WHATEVER'S LEFT); OF HOW THE CHAIRS MUST HAVE BEEN DESIGNED BY SOME KIND OF QUASI-SOCIOPATHIC ENTREPRENEUR (BUT AREN'T THEY ALL?) WITH A SIZABLE STAKE IN SOME HEMORRHOID TREATMENT SCAM; OF HOW TIME IS SUCH A RELENTLESS PREDATOR, TOOTHLESS YET INVINCIBLE AND OMNIVOROUS; OF HOW THESE HILLS SHOULD BE AN ABSOLUTE EMBARRASSMENT TO ANY PLACE THAT HAS A WHOLE GODDAMN COLLEGE FULL OF ENGINEERS; OF HOW ALL CHILDREN REALLY ARE UGLY IN PROPORTION TO THEIR YOUTH (TEMPORARY PARENTAL BLINDNESS--HORMONAL, PERHAPS?--NOTWITHSTANDING) & YET PATHETICALLY DOOMED IN WAYS THAT FAR SURPASS ANYTHING THEY COULD EVER DESERVE; OF JUST HOW PRICEY ALL THIS INCESSANT LAWN CARE MUST BE; OF HOW ALL "HUMANISM" AND ALL THAT IS "HUMANE" INVOLVES A RUTHLESSLY EXCLUSIONARY MANEUVER, FOREVER BLIND TO THE CRUELTY ATTENDING ALL THE CHEAP (THOUGH SEEMINGLY BOUNDLESS) OPTIMISM IT PEDDLES. AND INVARIABLY, WE TALK OF HOW UNDERSTANDABLE IS SO MUCH OF THE ANGER WE SEE & HOW UNDERSTANDABLE IS THAT SEEMINGLY TRANS-HISTORICAL AND TRANS-CULTURAL URGE TO ESCAPE BY TAKING FLIGHT ON SOME TRANSCENDENTAL TRAJECTORY. BUT MOST OF ALL, WE TALK OF SADNESS, BECAUSE IT IS ALL SO VERY SAD, SO VERY, \*VERY\* SAD, AND IT IS HARD TO BELIEVE THAT THIS SADNESS, ONCE IT HAS SETTLED, CAN EVER GO AWAY.

AND THEN, WITH PREDICTABLE AND DELIBERATELY MECHANICAL REGULARITY, THERE IS THE KNOCKING UPON THE DOOR, AND WE FIND OURSELVES BEING ASKED: "WHAT EXACTLY IS IT THAT YOU ARE DOING IN THERE?" AND WITH THE REQUISITE PRECISION OF A FIVE-POINT SCALE (SUITABLE SUBDIVISIONS INCLUDED), WE RESPOND: "OH, A TOUCH OF THIS, AND A TAD BIT OF THAT; ALL IN ALL, JUST WHAT WE ARE SUPPOSED TO BE DOING, BUT NOT SO QUITE SO WELL OR SO QUITE SO BADLY AS TO DESERVE ANY CLOSER SCRUTINY. BUT THANK YOU FOR ASKING, AND ANY PENNIES YOU'VE GOT TO SPARE IN THE UPCOMING YEAR WILL BE MOST GRATEFULLY RECEIVED, JUST LIKE A BIT OF WARM TEA FOR THE POOR." AND AS WE CLOSE THE DOOR TO HEAD BACK TO OUR SHADOWS, WE MUMBLE UNDER OUR BREATH, "AND YOU --\*YOU\* REALLY OUGHT TO FIND A CORNER OF YOUR OWN AND DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT REVENUE-ENHANCING, BIO-TECH BULGE IN YOUR TROUSERS...."

## The Holy "O"

The history of the banjo lies somewhere in the ancient and australopithecine past of the continent of Africa, where humans and stringed instruments and coffee and donuts first came into being. The holy "O" is the basis of the banjo, and of the donut, and of the bagel. Mathematical historians still discuss the discovery by the Arabs of the zero, the cipher, the "O", the placeholder, the power of ten; as being the advance that allowed higher math to arise. But the Jews were no slouches. They had discovered the "O" eons earlier and hidden their most cabal secret within the simple and unassuming bagel. Then they put their treasure in the spot where no one would find it: right in front of our eyes, at the corner deli. Over the centuries, the expounders of the law forgot their most holy enigma. Did the most scholarly Rabbis have a hint? Did Crowley and his cronies have a clue? Perhaps. And then, right in the midst of the height of freemasonry and Zionism, entire banjo string bands flaunt the secret again. And then when Elvis is a child, he listens to the music of Bill Monroe and the Bluegrass Boys and he beholds the secret, and the secret takes him to stardom, until that day in 1977 when he reveals it to us all. Death on the commode. He gives his life for our enlightenment, and enlightened we are.

Elvis becomes larger in death than in life. The Presleyterians spread the word around the world with their giant publishing houses, until finally they post their final words on the door of the Alferd Packer Memorial Chapel at Lehigh University. But, as usual, most of us don't really get the message. It is Jesus and Mister Rodgers all over again; people killing people; the masses abandoning the steam driven banjo as the machine of rock and roll in favor of the electric guitar.

The five string banjo has a pot with a hide head. Experts say that housecat hide is best, and skunk skin is second best. There is a long neck with twenty four frets on one end, and a tailpiece for holding the strings on the other end, with a bridge in between that amplifies the celestial vibrations. But the most amazing thing is this: the fifth string. The other four strings take us to places unimaginable. Past the planets to other worlds and into black holes, then down into cells and protoplasm and DNA and mitochondria and atoms and nuclei and quarks. But the fifth string pulls us back. It's constant drone reminds us that we are creatures of the here and now on Earth. The fifth string calls us back to steaks and crusty Italian bread and dark beer and bowel movements and nacho chips and tobacco and blood engorged flesh and hot dogs on buns and hot black coffee and steaming piss ricocheting on a flat rock in the woods.

The Pennsylvania Dutch understand some of this instinctively. There is not a catholic among them, yet they celebrate Mardi Gras. Fastnacht Day, they call it. They are not catholic, so forget lent, forget fasting. Eat the donuts. Feast. Worship the holy "O" in precisely the way that Elvis intended. Then haul your ass into the bathroom and sit on the commode and void your bowels and listen close to the rumblings of the expanding universe.

Jimothy



## *Alferd* Deemed "Not Funny," Given Special Place in History as *LR*'s Ugly Cousin

"I think I laughed once. Actually, it was probably just a cough." -Jon Daily

"Ignorance is bliss...just ask the *Alferd* staff."  
-*The New York Times Book Review*

"I faked a laugh...you know just to get it over with." -  
Caralyn Tolles

"It seems like these people had no business publishing a satirical journal at all." -Mike, the Editor

"*Alferd* seems to be an exception to the notion that the best things in life are free." -*The Washington Post*

"I loved it for its kindling value." -Shayna Buffman

*It seemed like a good idea*

"I guess the humor was over my head...well that, or it just wasn't funny at all." -Matthew Weick

*at the time..." - Prof. Girardot*

"I loved it...wait, that *Alferd* thing? Oh, my fault. Yeah, that was really awful." -Bill Hamm

"I think the best time to read *Alferd* is after you've been up 20 hours or more, preferably more." -Amy Burchard